

The First Heir – Chapter 1792

“Stop guessing. Let’s go in and find out. Fred is waiting for us.” A gray haired middle-aged man wearing a gray suit walked straight into the clubhouse after speaking.

The other four also followed him inside.

Before long, they saw Fred sitting on the sofa in the most luxurious private room of the clubhouse. Beside him, a maid dressed in skimpy clothes was making tea on her knees.

There were six cups in total.

At their arrival, Fred motioned and said, “Sit down and have some tea.”

The five people sat down, picked up the cups on the table, and gulped everything down in one go.

The man with the beard was the first to ask, “Fred, what’s wrong? Why did you gather us in such a hurry?”

Fred glanced at the bearded man. He had been with him for ten years. He was loyal and honest, just a little quick tempered and irritable.

Without delay, Fred took a sip of warm tea and said, “I’ve gathered all of you here today to go to a place with me later and deal with one person.”

“Is it Jowin Benson?” the middle-aged man in a gray suit asked.

Fred shook his head and said, “No, but it’s pretty much the same. The person I have to deal with this time is a bit tricky and has some connections with Jowin. To be exact, Jowin is now one of his lackeys.”

Hiss!

As soon as Fred said that, the expressions of everyone in the room froze!

Jowin Benson was a lackey of the other party now?

In that case, did the person Fred was going to deal with have a special identity?

The middle-aged man wearing glasses pushed his frame. A trace of wisdom flashed in his eyes as he asked, "Fred, is it going to be a do or die situation, or is it just for show?"

Fred glanced at him before he got up and walked to the side. He took a bottle of red wine from the wine rack and said, "Do or die. Rocky has been sent in by them. Those who mess with my people have to pay the price."

Hearing this, the faces of these five people darkened. Rocky had been arrested?

This would be tricky, indeed. According to Fred's temper, he definitely would not let this matter rest.

The bearded man slammed his hand on the table and yelled, "Fred, just tell me what you want me to do. I'll be the first to charge in! I'll kill the person who dared to arrest Rocky and be disrespectful to you!"

A short fat man who had not spoken also said at this time, "I'll listen to your orders."

The middle-aged man with glasses and the man in a gray suit, as well as Madame Red, glanced at each other. A trace of contemplation flashed from the corners of their eyes but they did not express their opinions immediately.

With a faint smile, Fred asked, "Do you guys have other ideas?"

The middle-aged man with glasses smiled and said, “Fred, I think we should reconsider this matter. Since Jowin has to listen to the other party, we might end up like Rocky if we act rashly.”

The middle-aged man in a gray suit also followed suit.

“I think Kris has a point. Why don’t we discuss it first?”

Fred smiled coldly, turned to look at the charming Madame Red who had her fair thighs exposed, and asked, “What do you think?”